

Great Legal Battle Begins To-Day In Chesterfield Court

JURY COMPLETE, TRIAL PROPER BEGINS TO-DAY

(Continued From First Page.)

The courtesy and great good temper of the father of the prisoner under the burden of sorrow he is carrying struck straight to the heart. To see him with a little face of animation and of hope in his strong and furrowed face carried pleasure to all, whatever they might think of his son. If there was marked seriousness anywhere this day it was in Henry Beattie, Jr. The relaxation, upon which all commented, and which was more than a little notable in the prisoner. In fact it was the soberest day yet for him. He smiled and smoked and gossiped still. It is true, and related that one time—perhaps unconsciously. But it was with a different air and a different look upon his face. Preceding the trial, he held him fast now, and these things were but fleeting lapses into his old careless self. Before him lay in serious task that might mean the difference between life or death, and he knew it. And when the time came he was ready.

New Venue Appears.
Perforatory motions to quash anything quarrelable greeted the court promptly when the session began, giving the defense opportunity for more exceptions. It was already noon, and, fearing a hot day, the judge cleared doors and windows at 1 o'clock. Not and then a breath of air stole in.

No time was lost in bringing the new venire before the court. Unknown ones had seemed at first to doubt if the sheriff and his deputy could round up thirty more men in so brief a time, but the two veteran trial men, country Southerners of a bygone period, were forth with the dawn and back again ready for the next task at hand long before the modest limit of their time was reached.

When the first venireman was called Judge Watson, with a kindly face, thought characteristic of the man, invited the hot and tired farmer to the witness chair. On the preceding day all had stood during the examination, but a complication arose. With the man in the seat his back was square in the faces of the lawyers. The defense demurred.

The chair was turned, and now the court was forced to address the venireman's back. A compromising angle was sought without much effect, and finally the judge terminated the discussion. "It doesn't matter about Mr. Sherman's face," he declared, "for I have seen him before."

"And now you can see him behind," remarked Mr. Smith, from the bar. The crowd smiled, and, noting the suggestive license ventured to stretch his legs in spite of the heat.

Examination by Court.
The examination began, the court covering the ground with less care and thoroughness than on the opening day. Some of the veniremen had used opinions and were rejected without further delay. Others, however, the jurors and tentatively reached conclusions, but could lay them aside and give the accused a fair trial. The best of these the court accepted, dismissing some of the others and holding two in reserve. One man, who had been picked by others to be the accused, and, with curious misapprehension of court room etiquette, stood up and from his place in the crowd of spectators directed his gaze straight to the clerk. He was summoned before the bench, and the judge, under the hands of the clerk, examined him, knowing that the man meant no disrespect, let him go with an expression of regret that he had been bothered at all. Skinquarter came into the room with one venireman, and the Yellow Jacket neighborhood also had its deputation. The court held both in high opinion, it said.

It had been remarked on Monday that not one of the thirty-six veniremen examined objected to capital punishment. In the allotted McCue case this consideration reduced several of the lists by half. The court evidently believed in stern measures where murderers' deeds are charged, and does not halt at the death chair. Yesterday, however, two or three were found who were excluded under this provision. One man would not punish with death, but would accept of life imprisonment, and another, his brother, upon any evidence whatsoever. Lewis Robertson stirred the crowd again. He had not followed the case closely; had no opinion and, having none, could not remember expressing any.

"Have you any feeling with reference to capital punishment?" the court asked finally.

"Some sympathy," quoth Lewis Robertson, in dead earnest. He went into the box a moment later and stayed there all day.

Watches Them Closely.
All this time Henry Beattie sat beside his father, closely watching the veniremen as they came and went or stayed. A muscle in his lower jaw worked steadily—not a nervous twitching, or a hurried pulse, as some have said, but an old habit of little significance to be seen in hundreds of others if they are ever called into a share like this. Now and then he leaned over for a word with his counsel or some of the others around him. Robertson, beyond the usual, he was not completely calm. Much has been said and written of his demeanor in the court. It is scarcely fair to put him there under a hundred staring eyes and then call him frivolous and heartless if he smiles or yawns or if he weeps or is conscience-stricken and afraid if his raw nerves quiver at any time. But in spite of this, it can

Society Women Use New Wrinkle Remover

(From Society World.)

Since the discovery that a solution of ordinary salicylic acid, when mixed with a peculiar effect upon wrinkled skin, it has been learned that many prominent society women all over the country have used this simple home treatment with great success. The formula is: powdered salicylic acid, ounce, dissolved in witch hazel, one-half pint. Use daily as a wash lotion. The beneficial effect of this wash is felt at once. There is an agreeable refreshing sensation and feeling of exfoliation. The skin soon becomes firmer and more youthful looking. Faintness and all wrinkles are immediately affected. No one need hesitate to use the formula at the drug store and make the remedy her own. There are no harmful effects whatever.

FATHER'S EYES FILL WITH TEARS AS HE BIDS SON GOOD-BYE IN JAIL

Henry Beattie Spends His First Night in Chesterfield Prison.

OFFICERS WATCH OUTSIDE

Quiet Scene Around Courthouse After Jury Goes to Bed.

A reporter for The Times-Dispatch sent the following dispatch from Chesterfield Courthouse at 10 o'clock last night:

Henry C. Beattie, Jr., sleeps to-night in the northeast cell on the second floor of the Chesterfield county jail. Beyond him on the opposite side are two prisoners, minor offenders against the law, William Wellford and Alfred Knight, who have been in a manner deputized to watch through the long night hours the young man charged with the murder of his wife. Outside, both armed with magazine shotguns, patrolmen N. H. Corbitt and his specialty appointed deputy, Thomas B. Gill, the tall young son of Sheriff Gill. They expect no untoward event. As the law requires, they keep watch over the jail and its noted prisoner.

Father Bids Son Good-Night.
After adjourning H. C. Beattie, Sr., entered the jail with his son, and there, as the father turned his back, made his boy good-night. He clasped that boy to his heart, kissed him and patted him on the shoulder. "Good-night," was all he could say. His eyes filled quickly with tears and his voice shook so that his words were but a sob. Then the broken man turned away and the heavy steel door was swung into place.

At 8 o'clock to-night Jailer Cogbill asked Henry Beattie what he would have for supper. "Have you any of that nice Brunswick stew you served me before?" asked Beattie.

"Yes," said Mr. Cogbill. "It's just as nice as any you ever stuck a tooth in."

"Well, bring me some of that, a glass of beer, some rolls and butter," the prisoner replied.

Meal From Jailer's Home.
The meal was prepared for him at Mr. Cogbill's own table, and while Henry ate sparingly, as he always does, he seemed to enjoy it. The dishes were removed as soon as he had finished. He had brought with him a few magazines and an oil lamp was left in his cell until 9 o'clock, so he could read, but he spent most of the night talking lightly with the two prisoners nearby. He had been supplied with a new clean blanket and a pair of clean socks. He had a change of linen and a shaving outfit, but the jailer will keep the razor until he needs it, and then Mr. Cogbill will be with the prisoner when he shaves.

It is rather a coincidence that Jailer Cogbill should have known Henry Beattie since early boyhood, his father and his grandfather. With the grandfather he used to play the ancient game of quoits, and with the father in all justice he said that Beattie's grins and snugs, his shoveling and cigarettes are strangely out of place, and are creating a bad impression for him upon a public already outraged by the alleged crime. Something like an end of patience was reached Tuesday when his smiling face appeared in a picture beside that of his father, deep lined with grief. In view of this many have wondered why his counsel permit it, and but one suggestion has yet been made—that it may be the theme of an insanity plea sprung in the last moment should the case go badly for the defense.

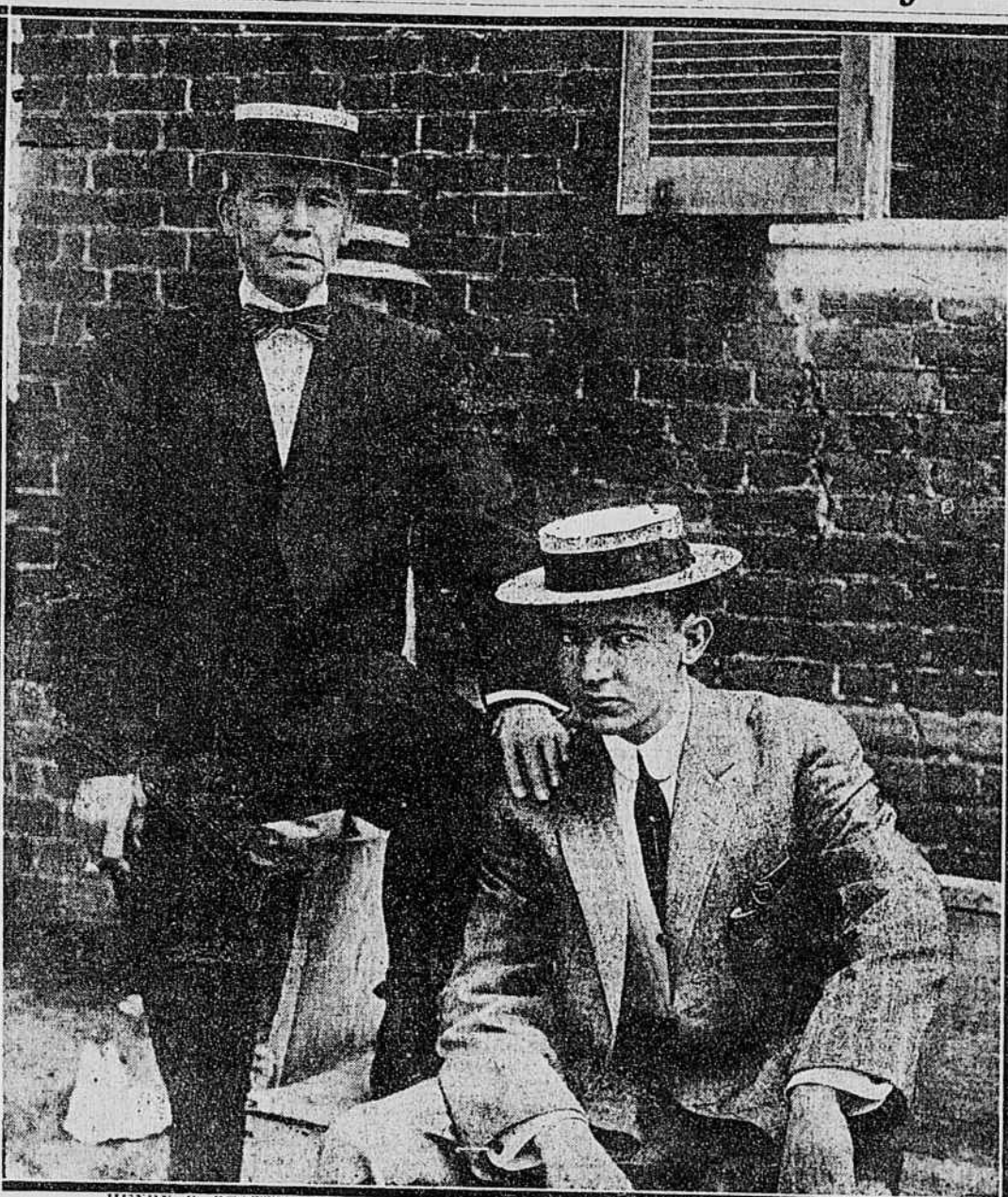
A Word for the Court.
When the name of John H. Bailey was called on the venire list, the examination brought from the court a declaration touching a point that had figured largely during the past few days. Though a man of few words, and those simple, Bailey made an excellent impression and labored with all his might to reveal the processes of his mind to the patient judge. He had no conscientious scruples against capital punishment, but "always said I would never like to try a man for his life." Here at least was one reluctant farmer. He had no wish to serve. Honestly alone in the man's plain face, and he evidently yearned to get back to his farm again. But he remembered his oath and firmly admitted that though he had formed some sort of opinion from the newspapers he could lay it aside and let the law and the evidence shape his final judgment.

In the clutches of skillful lawyers, many of the precise meaning of words, the courtroom, as many who have gone before him, fared not well. The contest was uneven and the court took a hand.

"We are all splitting hairs and making words gentlemen," said the judge. "In the conduct of this examination I am not concerned about such matters. What the court is attempting to do is to ascertain the true state of mind of this venireman. Give him his way. He is doing his best." It clarified the air at once. "We after all believe it is best if the lawyers let the court alone," admitted Mr. Bailey of the defense, and thereafter

Last of all came M. E. Blankenship, from the southwest of the county, and with a toothpick sticking in his mouth kissed the Bible and took the chair. He subscribed to two newspapers, but scarcely read them, and could give a fair trial. Toothpick and Blankenship went into the jury box.

The Panel Complete.
The panel was complete, and haltingly rushed off to tell the world the news. By this time the courtroom was filled to overflowing and stilling heat came like a fair trial. The place, the hall was filled over the place. The other veniremen were discharged. Jurymen chosen on the opening day were examined by the court as to their conduct since then, and the men were one by one answering clearly. The prisoner scrutinized each carefully, making notes on a sheet of paper and occasionally conferring with his lawyers. Counsel never once took



HENRY C. BEATTIE, SR.

HENRY C. BEATTIE, JR.

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and son he often went on fishing trips to Cohoke. To him Henry was but any other boy, and the father is numbered among his most respected friends.

Jury in Good Hands.
The jury, which is in charge of Sheriff Gill and Deputy W. P. Goode, sleep together in one room. The room, however, is large, airy and comfortable. James O. Forester, the Richmond caterer, who has the hotel in charge, has equipped it with every

comfort. The jury room contains seven beds, two men sleeping together. After supper the twelve men upon whom Beattie's fate must finally rest went for a walk, and then sat for a short time on the courthouse steps. One standing in the courthouse green could hear on one side the deep, strong tones of Beattie, talking with his fellow-prisoners, and on the other the laughter and chatter of the jury. The twelve men were put to bed by Sheriff Gill at 9 o'clock, but they

Bible passing from man to man. Mr. Smith arose suddenly and gazed fixedly at the twelve men. Then he, too, took his seat again without a word. The clerk went on:

"Do you, each of you, solemnly swear to well and truly try a true deliverance make between the Commonwealth and Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., the prisoner at the bar, whom you shall have in charge, and a true verdict render, according to the law and the evidence, so help you God?"

The day's work was done. Beattie stood up while the charge to the jury was read, steadily and firmly, not flinching as the words of the terrible indictment came forth. The court instructed the sheriff as to the care of the twelve men, considered and denied a request to have the prisoner remanded to the Chesterfield jail, and then adjourned until this morning, when the trial proper will begin.

Swearing of Jury.
The jury stood and was sworn, the

eyes from the jury box now. A few moments later and Young Beattie, Mr. Smith and Mr. Carter, with the sheriff and his deputy in attendance, retired for a consultation.

The crowd was gasping for air, but did not move. The court ordered a strong-limbed strapping to get up and give a gray-haired old man his seat. Expectancy now took the place of inaction, and all eagerly awaited the next move—Beattie's first cast of the die. After twenty minutes the bar filled up again and the time was at hand. The prisoner dragged a chair forward and sat down. The conferences continued. One by one the jurymen went under inspection again. Then Mr. Smith handed a paper to the clerk, K. Henry Covington, John T. Dance, W. Y. Lundie, and J. C. Conder stood aside. Those who remained are given in full elsewhere.

Members of Third Venire Closely Questioned by Court and Lawyers—Prisoner and Others Early on Court House Lawn.
With twelve men in the jury box, fully sworn and charged by the court, yesterday's proceedings in the trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., charged with the murder of his wife on the night of July 15, brought the case to a direct issue. All preliminaries have been disposed of. The Commonwealth will begin this morning the presentation of the witnesses. The light to save Beattie from the electric chair has reached its crucial stage.

Since it was generally known that none of the witnesses was to be present and no testimony heard yesterday, the crowd was not so large as on previous days. At one time or another nearly every one was able to crowd into the little courtroom for a look at the prisoner and the opposing counsel.

L. O. Wendenburg and Commonwealth's Attorney J. M. Gregory were the first of the official party to arrive, coming up in a motor car with Detective W. T. Scherer's office, and G. B. Register. Another large car brought the prisoner, Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., in charge of Special Agent Scherer, who had been charged by the court on the previous day to convey him to and from the Henric jail. In the motor were Detective T. J. Wren, County Officer Jarrett, and Flynn and Judge S. C. Burdette. Another large car, who was throughout yesterday an interested spectator at the trial.

Beattie Prepared to Stay.
Beattie brought with him a suit case containing clothes and personal belongings that he had been allowed to have at the Henric jail. It was taken by Jailer Cogbill, after examination to the cell the prisoner will occupy during his trial in the Chesterfield jail.

Attorneys Smith and Carter, for the

defense, came out on the trolley to Centralia and drove to the courthouse, as did Henry C. Beattie, Sr., father of the accused, and his brother, Douglas Beattie.

Judge Watson entered, cool and smiling, in a light linen suit. Throughout the day he was the coolest and most composed man in the courtroom. After the judge saw personally that three women correspondents were provided with seats, court was opened by Sheriff Gill in the ancient form at 12 o'clock. True to his promise, Sheriff Gill had the thirty men summoned on the third sally venire, every one of them sworn to their names as Clerk Cogbill called the roll.

Hill Carter began the day with exceptions, moving to quash the writ and the return of the sheriff thereon for errors apparent on the face of the record and the discharge of the veniremen. He declined to specify any of the errors. The motion to quash was overruled, and the prisoner, by counsel, excepted.

Veniremen Examined.
The work of the day began promptly, following the program laid down at the previous sitting, in the examination of jurors.

W. T. Sherman, thirty years old, a citizen of Ettrick, was first examined. He had read all the papers and formed his own opinion from what he had read. It was a well-fixed opinion, and he was afraid it would bias him in the trial. He was allowed to stand aside. Mr. Smith objected that he could not see the face of the witness when he sat facing the jury box or turned his back to hear the questions of the Judge. Judge Watson suggested that, although

answered the questions of the court, the witness face the attorneys, saying he had seen Mr. Sherman before.

L. L. Lester, aged twenty-eight, of the southwestern part of the county, answered all the usual questions satisfactorily. He was a duly qualified citizen; was not related to the accused; had no personal knowledge of the case; and had been told nothing by those claiming to have personal knowledge. He had read the papers, all the reports of the Beattie case, and believed the newspaper accounts to be true in the main, but was not fixed in his opinion, and would not be influenced by what he had read. He thought he could separate his mind from all previous impressions and try the case as though he had read nothing. He had no scruples against capital punishment.

Had an Opinion.
Cross-examined by Mr. Carter, the venireman said that he had expressed the opinion he had formed a good many times, and that if the evidence impressed him he would be convinced of the opinion he had would go with him. He had the jury box and remain until removed by evidence. Judge Watson stated that the court would not pass on the juror at this time, and he was allowed to stand aside, but to remain for further examination.

The Panel Completed.
M. E. Blankenship, the third venireman examined after the dinner recess, completed the panel at 2:40 o'clock. He is thirty-five years of age, lives near Petersburg, and has read the newspapers very little. He had formed no opinion, and said he

James J. Bailey, aged 81, was afraid he could not give the prisoner a fair and impartial trial, and said he had formed an opinion as to the guilt of the accused. He was excused.

John H. Bailey had formed an opinion to some extent from what he had read. He did not know whether he could throw off the impression or not, but believed he could give a fair trial, but not as though he had never read any paper.

Splitting Hairs, Says Judge.
"We are splitting hairs here," said Judge Watson. "Different persons are attaching different meanings to the same words."

Mr. Carter agreed and suggested that the attorneys leave the preliminary examination to the court. Judge Watson said that he was merely trying to get at what was in Mr. Bailey's mind—that it was evident that the witness was attempting conscientiously to give his exact impressions, and that it was immaterial how he expressed it. Closely questioned, the witness stated that he had rather not sit, but that if sworn he saw no reason why he could not give a fair trial. Henry Beattie fixed his eyes on the face of the juror, and from that time on through out the day gazed closely at the faces of those who were being selected to pass on the question involving his life or death.

Mr. Bailey, on cross-examination, stated that he had an opinion; that the thought of what he had read would go with him to the jury box. He had talked with others about the case and expressed an opinion. The court re-

served decision, allowing him to stand aside, remaining in the court room.

Doubts Circumstantial Evidence.
William E. McNally proved in many ways a most acceptable candidate for the jury box. He had read reports of the inquest and formed an opinion, but believed he could give a fair trial, his opinion being based on the presumption that the main facts presented in the papers were true.

"There is no question," said Judge Watson, "but that a lady has lost her life but circumstantial evidence. The question here is whether the prisoner at the bar is or is not that woman."

On this point the witness had formed an impression—hardly an opinion—but thought he could still hear the evidence and pass on the prisoner's guilt or innocence impartially. Every one listening thought that another juror had been added to the panel until Mr. McNally said that under certain circumstances he had conscientious scruples against the infliction of the death penalty.

"The law fixes the penalty," said Judge Watson, "for murder in the first degree at death. If the evidence satisfied you of guilt, would your scruples keep you from finding the accused guilty if you knew that death were the penalty?"

Has Conscientious Scruples.
"As I said before, under certain circumstances," was the reply. The venireman explained that he had conscientious scruples against the death penalty on circumstantial evidence.

"Does the court understand you to say that you would not render a verdict of guilty where death is the penalty, where you were satisfied of the evidence, unless there were an eye-witness?"

"Yes, or unless there were a direct confession."

"I think you should ask the juror if he is from Missouri," suggested Mr. Wendenburg. "He seems to want to be about."

"He comes from Virginia, all right," replied the juror, dismissing Mr. McNally from the panel.

Terrence E. McNally, a brother of the former venireman, was disposed of in short order. He had much the same views but went so far as to object to the death sentence in punish-

ment of any crime, and was excused. Seven men had been examined, with no additions to the jury panel, and some began to fear that after all the panel could not be completed from the thirty men called. But the tide turned with the venireman called, Thomas A. Hancock, of Skinquarter, was called.

"He is not from Yellow Jacket?" asked Mr. Smith, occasioning some laughter.

Sheriff Gill replied that Skinquarter was a very different place. Mr. Smith admitted that he didn't know which was better for his side—in fact, he didn't know where Yellow Jacket was.

Two Jurors Secured.
Mr. Hancock had read papers, he could get rid of his opinion, but it would hardly give a trial as though he had read nothing. He didn't think what he had read would influence his judgment—it was merely that he could give a fair and impartial trial, though remembering what he had read, cross-examined by Mr. Carter, he stated that what he had read had made an impression, but he could be fair with the prisoner. He had read only one side in the papers, which he subscribed and had no fixed opinion. He had talked the matter over a good deal, and had expressed his views more than once.

He was seated in the jury box as the thirteenth juror, and the first addition of the day. Mr. Carter noted an exception.

Lewis Robertson, aged forty-four, of Clover Hill, a farmer, followed him into the jury box. He had heard some newspapers read, but had formed no fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and had not followed the case closely. He had expressed no opinion, and did not think he had talked with any one "to amount to anything" about the case.

"Have you any feeling about the death penalty?" asked the court.

"Yes, I have some feeling about it," answered the venireman. "I have sympathy for the guilty man, but no conscientious scruples against finding a man guilty because the consequence is death."

He was accepted without objection on the part of the defense as the fourteenth juror, and at 1:15 the court took a recess for dinner.

JURORS LOOK UPON PRISONER IN DOCK

Beattie Suggests Names of Four to Be Stricken From List—All Preparations Made to Begin Trial To-Day.

Henry Beattie and his father took dinner together in a conference room just off the main courtroom. A tray was sent over from the hotel. After dinner, the crowd being again and there being no evidence of the slightest disorder, Henry Beattie was given permission to stroll about the courthouse yard accompanied by Jailer Cogbill. He seemed to enjoy the fresh air. He was willing to chat with a passing acquaintance, commenting on the fine old trees in the courtyard and on the peaceful appearance of the surroundings. His brother, Douglas Beattie, walked near, and the father, smoking a cigar, kept in sight. All seemed relieved that the preliminary stages of the trial were over, and the inevitable battle really on. The atmosphere was ready for several photographs, showing great patience, and continuing their conversation in an even, unembarrassed tone. The mid-day was warm, the courtroom was close and hot, and all three expressed regret that the bell announcing that the recess was over, and the time had come to return to court.

Another Juror Secured.
The afternoon session moved more swiftly. The first venireman examined, W. Roops, of Winterport, was accepted as the fifteenth juror, and the end of the tedious drudgery of veniremen was in sight. Mr. Roops had no personal knowledge of the case, was not related to the accused, and his wife had read a few papers when the time first happened, and had formed no opinion, but he believed he could try the accused the same as though he had not read anything.

"Should the prisoner be shown to be guilty, have you any conscientious scruples against rendering a verdict where the penalty would be death?" he was asked.

"If the prisoner knew the law there is nothing in my conscience to prevent me from rendering a verdict on the evidence," was the answer, and Mr. Roops was accepted as the fifteenth juror without objection on the part of the defense.

James A. Snider, of Beach, had read the papers every day and formed a fixed opinion. He was excused.

The Panel Completed.
M. E. Blankenship, the third venireman examined after the dinner recess, completed the panel at 2:40 o'clock. He is thirty-five years of age, lives near Petersburg, and has read the newspapers very little. He had formed no opinion, and said he

could try the case in the same spirit as though he had read nothing, but had no personal acquaintance with the accused. Cross-examined by Mr. Carter, he said he subscribed to a Petersburg paper, but had read little about the case. He had talked very little and expressed no opinion regarding the case. Asked as to his occupation, he said he was assistant superintendent of a silk mill. He was accepted as the final or sixteenth juror without objection.

The panel having been completed, the court recalled Messrs. Lester and Bailey, who had been reserved for further questioning, and dismissed them. The remaining twenty members of the venire who had not been examined were also dismissed, with the thanks of the court, until the next day.

Judge Watson then re-examined each of the twelve jurors accepted on the previous day. Each one in turn swore that since his acceptance he had talked with no one in regard to the case, that he had permitted no one to talk about the case in his presence, and that he had received no impression or had been reserved as to his qualifications. Each stated that since his acceptance he had read no newspaper and felt that he could give a fair and impartial trial.

Defense Stricken Out Four.
The court recalled Messrs. Lester and Bailey, who had been reserved for further questioning, and dismissed them. The remaining twenty members of the venire who had not been examined were also dismissed, with the thanks of the court, until the next day.

Henry Beattie took an active part in the conference in the side room. After the trial was over, in the courtroom, he continued in earnest conversation with Mr. Carter, evidently in regard to one juror to whom he had taken a dislike. "Just a moment, judge," put in Mr. Smith, when the restlessness of those in the court seemed to show some sort of impatience. After further consultation Mr. Smith closed the book and laid it on Clerk Cogbill's desk. Mr. Cogbill opened it, and while the faces of the prospective jurymen showed the deepest concern, found the place where the list had been and where Henry Beattie had run a pencil mark through the names of four of the accepted veniremen. The court announced that it was the right of the accused, by peremptory challenge, without assigning cause, to strike from the list the names of four jurymen. Each juror looked more on edge, more on trial, than did the prisoner at the bar.

"The defense has stricken from the panel," read Clerk Cogbill, amid silence, "the names of R. Henry Covington, John T. Dance, J. C. Conder and W. Y. Lundie."

Jury Solemnly Sworn.
"Gentlemen, you whose names have been called are discharged, with the thanks of the court," said Judge Watson.

"You gentlemen understand the court," said Sheriff Gill. "You are discharged. The four men whose names had been called left the box silently. On the

Judge Watson's Charge to Jury

"You shall inquire whether the prisoner is guilty of murder, or charged, or not guilty. If you find him guilty, you are then further to inquire whether it is murder in the first degree or in the second degree. If you find him guilty of murder in the first degree, you shall say so and nothing more, in which event the punishment shall be death; but if you find him guilty of murder in the second degree, you shall say so and shall fix his punishment by confinement in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than eighteen years.

"If you find him guilty of neither murder in the first nor second degree, but guilty of voluntary manslaughter, you shall say so, and fix his punishment by confinement in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than five years.

What Society Women Use for Shampoo

"Many society women," writes Mrs. M. A. Maria, in the Los Angeles Press, "prefer doing their own shampooing rather than go to the hairdressers. The reason is obvious. Women whose social duties occupy most of their time do not feel like occupying several hours for a trip to and from the shampoo parlor, hence the growing popularity of the home shampoo. The use of canthrox is gaining favor because it requires little work, and after a canthrox shampoo has been enjoyed the scalp is spotlessly clean and the hair takes on a delightful lustre and softness. Canthrox shampoos are excellent for dandruff, itching and correcting all hair troubles. To prepare, dissolve a teaspoonful canthrox in a cup hot water and your shampoo is ready."